

The Good Life

"Days Of The Week"

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Monday left it's callus on my feet
I tried so to keep up
It kept dragging me behind

Tuesday lashed it's blisters upon my hands
I wish to clench them in defense
But the joints wouldn't bend

Wednesday cracked it's whip upon my back
I hunched over in pain
My bones began to ache

And I fell to the floor, but nobody came
When I fell to the floor
I got back up again
Thursday's weather cut across my face
Those lines never went away
And my hair was stripped to grey

Friday tried to wipe my tears away from my eyes
But still I had to cry
I had to nothing to show for my life

But these calluses and all of these blisters
These aching bones and these lines upon my face
This frail, decaying frame

Saturday brought grapes up to my bed
Said, "Rest your weary head
Just forgive and soon forget"

Sunday left me roses at my feet
It said, "Boy, you're free to leave?"
And close my lids to sleep

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